

Johnny Riley

Johnny Riley was a good boy, grew up half a mile from town
Heard the music through his window, when the rain was falling down
Fell in love with Annie Carter, in the fall of junior year
Said I'll write that girl a symphony, and all the world will hear
And so he learned to play piano, and he learned to play guitar
Wrote a song about the rain, about the feelings in his heart
But when he played that song for Annie, in the practice room one day
Well she said, "Johnny, that's so sweet, but sorry I don't feel the same"

And so he moved to New York City at the age of 23
Just to get out of Indiana, just to find another dream
Got a job up at the corner store, wrote music every night
And always looking for his princess underneath the city lights
Oh, but Manhattan didn't give him all that he was looking for
And when he wasn't all alone, his heart was broken on the floor
And when his friends, they heard his music, said it sounded pretty good
Oh but he never sold a single track, turns out he never would

'Cause he said "I'm tired of being a loser now," when he turned 35

'Cause I can't stand the way that people look at me

Guess the world just doesn't care, and guess I've wasted all my time

Guess I shouldn't want to be what I can't be

So he returned to Indiana, joined his father's company

Went out drinking every weekend, hated all his memories

And every now and then he'd sing a tune and play a couple chords

Johnny Riley died at 83, his dream died long before

And when he'd lay up in the hospital, the night a-falling soon

Johnny heard his first song playing all around the empty room

And then he'd dream of New York City, about the girl he'd never find

He'd be a loser till forever just to give another try